

# The Mirror

OF  
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 854.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1837.

[Price 2d.]



## BREMHILL PARSONAGE, WILTS.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE REV. WILLIAM LISEL BOWLES.

"The village parson's modest mansion rose."

*Goldsmith.*

THIS Engraving of the abode of "the oldest of our living poets, and who has adorned the literature of our country for the last half century," must be considered as a picturesque addition to our little collection of localities consecrated by genius, and endeared to memory in some of its happiest outpourings. Of the interest with which such places are invested, we have never proved unmindful in conducting this Miscellany; and proud are we to know that illustrations of this class are fondly cherished by our readers amidst the more transitory interest of the triumphs of human contrivance, such as are not unfrequently pressed into our pages in accordance with one of the characteristics of the age.

In the present case, the interest of Bremhill has been somewhat anticipated by a paper descriptive of that scene of "calm contemplation and poetic ease," which appeared about nine years since in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and will be found, in part, quoted in our twelfth volume. (See pp. 86, 87, 88.) As the portion transferred thither, describes the garden at Bremhill, we shall now confine our details to the parsonage-house.

VOL. XXX.

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"The traveller from Bath to London, about three miles from the town of Chippenham, on ascending the hill, called Derry-hill, sees a vast extent of country spreading on the left hand. On gaining the summit of this ascent, he sees, on the right, the long line of the woods of Bowood Park, the seat of the Marquess of Lansdowne, extending for about two miles, half-way between the towns of Calne and Chippenham.

"Immediately opposite the line of the plantations, of the princely domains of Bowood Park, at about three miles' distance to the right, rising on an eminence, appear conspicuously in the sunshine, the ancient tower of Bremhill Church among the elms, and near the white gable-ends of a retired, but picturesque parsonage.

"In the parsonage house of Bremhill, the ideas of consonance and picturesque propriety have been consulted, as far as they could be adopted, the house being old, but large and convenient. By parapeting the whole with a simple, gothic, ornamental railing, such as appears on the church at Stourhead, a unity has been given to the

• Extracted from History of Bremhill, now out of print.

exterior, and the long, low roofs have put on an ecclesiastical appearance."

"Christian reader, we have passed a few hours together, I hope not entirely unprofitably to you. But the sun is shining out, the bells are ringing, we will now leave the parsonage, the garden, the churchyard, and pass along this village terrace. I may take up a few moments more of your time whilst we slowly pace along the pathway which leads to the road, and listen to the village peal,

Like the dream of a village chime,  
Which in youth we lov'd to hear.

"We have now come to the end of this meadow. Here is the path that once led to the rural abode of the royal Abbot of Malmesbury, and which still leads to the humbler parsonage; there is the road that conducts you back to the great world.

"Companion of a few hours, while the sunshine of life lasts, you will hear the morning music of these bells at a distance, and remember, if any thing should have been said worth remembering in this account of a retired parish in Wiltshire,

In peace pursue thy distant road,  
But ne'er forget thy long and last abode."

The source whence we have derived the Engraving and its details, is the *Little Villager's Verse Book*—Second Series.\* This tiny book and its predecessor, in the expressive language of its title-page, consists of "short verses for children to learn by heart; in which the most familiar images of country life are applied to excite the first feelings of humanity and piety. They were written," says Mr. Bowles, "to be learnt by heart by poor children of my own parish, who have been instructed every Sunday throughout the summer, for many years, on the garden lawn before the Parsonage House, by Mrs. Bowles. Fourteen of these little poems were composed many years ago; but it was not thought of extending their knowledge beyond the village circle, to which they were originally limited, except by a very few copies given away. I have now added to the whole, thinking when early education is so widely extended, they may be found, on a wider scale, to answer the purpose for which they were written. They may be also found acceptable to mothers, in a higher station of life, who might wish to impress on their children's memory, as they grow up, a love of natural scenes, combined with the earliest feelings of sympathy and religion." And truly has this germ of benevolence planted by our reverend poet grown into a goodly tree, which must bring forth much fair fruit: for, never has it been our good fortune to meet with compositions better calculated to reach the heart of

the young than are to be found in these little books. Their simplicity and pathos are beautifully touching; their morality is of the healthiest tone; and their religion less formal than in many similar productions, and consequently, better calculated for the minds of youth.

We would quote a few of these delightful pieces, did not the subject of our Engraving lead us to prefer a short collection of village epitaphs, in Bremhill churchyard, placed there by the pastor to commemorate the guiltless characters and virtues of a few of the humbler part of his flock:—

*On a young Woman who died of a Consumption.*

Our Pastor placed this humble stone: beneath  
Lies one more victim of untimely death:  
Stranger, approach and read—it tells the tale,  
Of silent duty in life's lowly vale,  
Of one, her aged parents' only care,  
Never beheld without a parent's prayer!

Her pale consumption smote in youth's fair  
bloom;  
How wept the few who follow'd to the tomb,  
Her mother most, and husband, for she left  
An infant and a husband both bereft;  
He, as it smiles, that infant shall behold,  
And weep the more for Her who here lies cold.

*On an old Parishioner. In the way to Church.*

Reader! this heap of earth, this grave-stone mark;  
Here lie the last remains of poor John Dark!  
Five years beyond man's age he liv'd, and trod  
This path, each Sabbath to the house of God,  
From youth to age; nor ever from his heart  
Did that best prayer our Saviour taught, depart.  
At his last hour, with lifted hands, he cried,  
"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done," and died.

*On an old Soldier, aged 92.*

A poor old soldier shall not lie unknown,  
Without a verse, and this recording stone.  
'Twas his, in youth, o'er distant lands to stray,  
Danger and death companions of his way.  
Here, in his native village, stealing age  
Clos'd the lone evening of his pilgrimage.  
Speak of the past—of names of high renown,  
Or brave commanders long to dust gone down!  
His look with instant animation glow'd,  
Tho' ninety winters on his head had snow'd.  
His country, while he liv'd, a boon supplied,  
And faith her shield held o'er him when he died.  
Think, Christian, that his spirit lives with God,  
And pluck the wild weeds from the lowly sod,  
Where, dust to dust, beneath the chancel shade,  
Till the last trump a brave man's bones are laid.

*On an aged Father and Mother, written in the character of a most exemplary Son: the Father living to 87 years.*

My father—my poor mother! both are gone,  
And o'er your cold remains I place this stone  
In memory of your virtues—may it tell  
How long one parent liv'd, and both, how well!  
And oh! my mother, a memorial be,  
Of all I owe in this and world to thee!  
How poor, alas! this tribute to thy love,  
Whose best and brightest record is above.

*On the Father of a large Family.*

How quiet is the bed of death,  
Where the departing Christian lies,  
While angels watch his parting breath,  
And wait to close his weary eyes!

Children, who mark this lowly spot,  
With eyes perhaps with weeping dim!  
Here lies your Father! pray to God,  
That you may live and die like him!

\* Copied by permission of the Publisher.

On John Harding, aged 84.

Lay down thy pilgrim's staff upon this heap,  
And till the morning of redemption sleep,  
Old way-farer of earth! From youth to age,  
Long, but not weary, was thy pilgrimage;  
Thy Christian pilgrimage, for truth and prayer  
Alone enabled thee some griefs to bear.  
Left in old age, without a husband's aid,  
Thy wife shall pray beside thee to be laid:  
For more than a kind father didst thou prove,  
To fourteen children of her faithful love.  
May future fathers of the village trace  
The same sure path to the same resting place;  
And future sons, taught in their youth to save,\*  
Learn that first lesson from a Poor Man's Grave!

On a dutiful Daughter, who died two years after her  
Father, but in the same week of the year, and buried  
in the same grave.

"Oh! Mother, I will rise and pray,"

With feeble voice, she cried,

"For this, dear Mother, is the day

On which poor Father died."

Faintly she spoke—she knelt—she pray'd.

Her eyes, with weeping dim,—

And ere seven days had pass'd, was laid

In the same grave with him.

Oh! when all worlds, before their God,

In trembling hope shall stand,

She shall awake from the same sod,

And smile at his right hand.

The first of these *Verse Books* is now in  
its sixth edition; but their merits entitle  
them to twenty times that extent of circula-  
tion.

#### AUTUMN FLOWERS.

"We made a poesy while Time ran by  
But Time did hearken to the flowers, and they  
By noon most cunningly did steal away,  
And wither in the hand! — GEORGE HERBERT.

FADE not so fast—ye lovely things!

Sweet rose, why change thy hues so soon?

For Summer yet on Zephyr's wings,

Revisits you at noon.

The scarlet fascia lingers still,

The asters, with unnumbered dyes,

Their bright, brief destiny fulfil,

Beneath the changing skies:—

Fade not away,

But longer stay!

Though chilly grows the shortening day,

And Autumn whispers low, as falls the evening

grey.

Ye "mind me o' departed hours,"

When youth and health were wreathing bowers,

All garlanded with laughing flowers,

And fancy's pictures rare;

Alas! there came a wintry blast,

And youth and health fled quickly past,

And hope her garland downward cast,

To droop and wither there!

Ye flowers, farewell! for ere the spring

Soft balmy airs and dews shall bring

To earth once more,—

My weary course may finish'd be,

Where the last wave breaks silently

On death's cold shore!

Once more, farewell! for when again,

Ye shall resume your joyous reign,

In beauty and in bloom,—

Some gentle heart remembering me,

May bring your blossoms tearfully,

To deck my tomb!

ANNA R.—

\* He saved from one hundred pounds, left when a  
lad to him by his father, four hundred pounds.

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## The Sketch-Book.

### THE BLIND SON.

(Concluded from page 181.)

"MEMORY must be extinct ere I can  
forget the sight that met my eye on enter-  
ing his chamber. On a bed was my poor  
boy, with his face and head enveloped in  
bandages, utterly insensible, in all proba-  
bility stretched on the bed of death; and he  
was suffering all *this* in order to save my  
life!

"I never left the poor sufferer, excepting  
to take the rest that Nature absolutely de-  
manded, for two months.

"Words cannot convey to you the joy I  
felt when Albert again knew me, and could  
pronounce the words, 'Mother! dear mo-  
ther!' As absolute silence was most strictly  
enjoined, I would not allow him to say  
more. He would sometimes place one of  
his poor, wounded hands in mine, but I  
dared not press it. To my constant inqui-  
ries of 'Are you comfortable?' he would  
answer 'Yes,' and smile so sweetly, that my  
heart has swollen almost to bursting. He  
could not see me, but my respiration told  
him how much I was affected, and motion-  
ing me to approach him, he would say,  
'Trust in God, my mother!' and then, with  
his hand locked in mine, he would peace-  
fully fall asleep.

"Albert's trust in the Almighty was  
rewarded, for he gradually though slowly  
recovered. The tortures he must have  
undergone would have shaken the courage  
of a man of the strongest nerve, yet I never  
heard a single groan issue from his lips;  
and Mr. Rae, the surgeon who attended  
him, declared that he never before witnessed  
such fortitude and self-possession.

"One thing surprised me not a little,  
and that was that Mr. Rae continued the  
bandage over Albert's eyes long after all  
the others had been removed, and gave the  
most positive orders that it should not be  
taken off on any account. The real truth  
never once glanced across my mind, and I  
was one day earnestly entreating that it  
might be removed, when Mr. Rae said to  
me in rather a faltering voice, 'Will you  
grant me ten minutes in the parlour? I  
wish to speak with you.' With the almost  
intuitive quickness of woman I immediately  
saw he had something painful to commu-  
nicate, and trembled so violently while de-  
scending the stairs, that I had great diffi-  
culty in reaching the bottom of them.

"When we were seated, Mr. Rae said:  
'You must be aware, Mrs. Denman, that  
intense heat is sometimes very prejudicial  
to the sight, and—'

"'Oh! I see it all, I see it all too well!  
You think my Albert is blind!' and a  
most bitter flood of tears came to my relief,

" 'I do not say that it is so,' replied Mr. Rae, 'for the sight has not been tried; but I much fear that it is destroyed.'

" 'How can we ascertain that fact?'

" 'By taking off the bandage, and unclosing the shutters; but I greatly fear that in your son's present weak state it would prove a dangerous experiment, as the certainty of remaining in utter darkness during the remainder of his life, might excite him so much as to produce a relapse. I would advise you, by reading and conversation, to endeavour to familiarize his mind to the idea of blindness. I am aware that to a mother like you, it must be a most painful task, but I know no one so capable of discharging such a trying duty.'

" 'It was, indeed, heart-rending, and it was some time before I could re-enter Albert's apartment, for I felt he would be most anxious to know the subject of my uneasiness should he perceive it either in my voice or manner. How quick is the ear of affection! It recognises the slightest change in the voice of the object of its love, and hopes and fears are awakened which, in the breast of indifference, would have remained undisturbed. Most fortunately, Albert had slept during my absence, and thus had not known its length.'

" 'In the course of the evening I read to him some anecdotes of Doctor Blacklock, Professor Saunderson, and some other eminent men who had been blind. Whether my voice faltered, or that its tone was melancholy, I know not, but he asked me to stop, and then praised the fortitude of those persons. I feared to speak lest my voice should betray me, and was silent. A sigh escaped him, and he then for some time remained quiet. He then said, 'Kneel down beside me, mother, for you will then be nearer to me.'"

The poor mother was here so much affected that she burst into tears, and I am not ashamed to say that I wept with her. Mrs. Denman then resumed her sad story thus:—"With a heart throbbing to its centre I did as he desired me. He then put out his poor hands as if to grasp mine: I took them gently, and not a few were the tears with which I bathed them, as I kissed them again and again. My Albert was greatly agitated, but he at length became more calm, and then said: 'Mother! I feel that I shall recover much more rapidly if I unburthen my mind to you.'

" 'I guessed but too truly the secret he had to communicate, for I now recollected that he never had expressed a wish to remove the bandage, which it was so natural he should have done; but I replied, 'Do so, my Albert; but what secret can you have to tell me?'

" 'Come nearer, dearest mother—there—let me put my arms round your neck,

for I want to whisper something in your ear.'

" 'I did as the dear sufferer desired; he tried to calm himself, and, after the lapse of a few seconds, which he employed in silently offering up a prayer for strength, he said, 'Mother, I am blind!' I was in a manner prepared for the announcement, but when hope was thus totally extinguished, and the dreadful certainty made known to me, a sickness as of death came over me, and I was obliged to quit the room.

" 'As I judged that so much excitement would destroy Albert's rest, I sent for the surgeon before I re-entered his room. He immediately ordered an opiate to be administered, forbade all further discourse, and did not leave his patient till he was quite tranquil.

" 'Admirable young man!' exclaimed Mr. Rae, as he descended the stairs; 'he unites more mildness with strength of mind than any human being I have ever seen. Persons belonging to my profession are not generally inclined to the melting mood, neither is it necessary that they should be so, for they could not properly discharge its duties if they were so; but I own I had the greatest difficulty in restraining my emotion when he spoke so cheerfully, and with such a deeply religious feeling, on his blindness; for it seems that, by repeatedly removing the bandage, he is assured that it is as I suspected. He seems to think infinitely more of you than of himself.'

" 'I applied for strength to support this trial at the throne of grace, and it was granted me. I often recalled the words of my excellent father, as he led me to the carriage that was to convey me to my future home, on the morning of my marriage: 'My Louisa, you are now about to enter on new scenes, and encounter new trials; recollect, that as you use them, so will they be to you blessings or the contrary.'

" 'I felt that in this case these words were particularly applicable; for, if I endeavoured, by cheerfulness and resignation, to support the spirits of my boy and myself, contentment would spring up and gild our paths; whereas, if by rebellious wishes and discontent I embittered his days and my own, we should have to bear not only our misfortune, but the penalty due to disobedience.

" 'Another trial yet remained, and I must own I looked forward to it with the deepest pain,—it was the removal of the bandage from Albert's eyes. Independently of the loss of sight, how heart-rending must it be for a mother to behold those eyes which had always sparkled at her approach, roll in their orbits without expression, without life! Albert sympathized with my feelings on the subject, and requested my servant to remove it one day during the twilight. I

have seldom been more discomposed than I was when, on my return to his room, I perceived what had been done, and for some time did not dare to trust myself to examine his face. I at length had the courage to do so, and found that his eyes were closed as in sleep. He said nothing on the subject, but chatted as usual. When we separated for the night, he kissed me with even more than his usual affection, and said, 'Apply for strength where it will surely be found, my mother.'

"So extensive were the injuries he had received, that his recovery was very slow: indeed, every one who saw him exclaimed, 'What a miracle he is!'

"As soon as his strength permitted, Albert requested to be led to church. How much was my sinful heart then punished! I, who formerly entered the house of prayer with exultation, instead of gratitude, towards that God who had given me such a son, now led him, deprived of his beauty, an almost unsightly object to the eyes of general beholders, and helpless as a babe, to the temple of his Maker! How different were *his* feelings, on that day, from mine! Joy and gratitude to that Almighty Power which had enabled him to save his mother's life, and had so wonderfully preserved his own, filled *his* breast, while the remarks of the multitude, the looks directed towards us, the observations made by those persons whom I had wounded in the day of my pride, by drawing comparisons between their offspring and mine, all depressed me beyond measure, and I much fear the holy feelings of the child were not shared by the mother. Albert's attention was riveted on the words of the preacher, and when the worthy man descended from the pulpit and congratulated him on his recovery, and on being again able to join in public worship, my son's composed, resigned behaviour so much affected him, that, turning towards me, he said, 'Happy mother, to possess such a son!'

"Albert gradually regained his cheerfulness, and I scarcely need tell you, that he is a most entertaining companion."

"He is, indeed!" was my reply.

"Mankind are ever ready to murmur when their wishes are not immediately granted, and more than once I had regretted the delay that arose respecting Albert's commission; but I now am truly thankful that it occurred, as the sum it would have cost supports him very comfortably; and as I have sunk it in an annuity for his life, I am relieved from all fears of want on his account.

"I taught him to play on the guitar, as that is a portable instrument, and he accompanies himself most pleasingly. He is now employed in the composition of a work, which I write from his dictation. He has

a most unconquerable aversion to an idle life; and, as he is debarred by his situation from serving mankind actively, he has adopted this manner of being useful. Thus, between reading, meditation, music, and composition, his hours glide by with noiseless steps, and he not unfrequently exclaims, 'Is it possible!' when our different meals are announced.

"I have a brother who is settled at New-York. He has so earnestly pressed us to visit him, that we are about to do so. Meeting with different characters, interchange of opinions, and the conversation of strangers, all help to amuse the poor invalid, and serve him either as matter for serious reflection, or subjects of harmless mirth."

Mrs. Denman here stopped, and after thanking her for her interesting communication, I said, I must repeat the words of your minister,—*"Happy mother! to possess such a son!"*

When I again met the amiable young man, it was with redoubled interest on my part. The same good sense and undeviating sweetness marked his conduct to the last; and, when on landing, we were about to part, I put my address into his mother's hands, and added: "Should you ever require my assistance, rely on my best endeavours in your service. Farewell! may the God who has so wonderfully preserved you both, continue with you even unto the end!"

We here separated. There are many chances against our ever again meeting in this world; but when "every eye shall see Him," may we each find acceptance in His sight. E. C. D.

### Popular Antiquities.

#### THE FUNERAL OF PAUL WHITEHEAD'S HEART.

PAUL WHITEHEAD departed this life on the 30th of December, 1774, at the age of 64, bestowing among many bequests the very singular one of his heart to his noble friend and Patron, Lord le de Spencer, who deposited it in a very solemn manner, on the 16th of January, 1775, in a mausoleum, erected for that purpose, at West Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, as a monument due to so acceptable a present, as that of the Heart of an Honest Man. The following account of this ceremony appeared in a letter printed in the *Whitehall Evening Post*.

"DEAR SIR,

"I was a little disappointed at not seeing you at West Wycombe when the Heart of Paul Whitehead, Esq. was deposited in the Mausoleum. I will therefore attempt to give you a description of it. There was a numerous appearance of ladies and gentlemen on this occasion. The country came from various quarters big with the expectation of the gran-



deur, and solemnity of this unusual sight: and if you will rely on my imperfect judgment, I think it equalled or excelled all the ideas which had been framed of it. The day was very fine and all nature seemed to approve the honour which was shown to the memory of the deceased. The procession began at half-past eleven. It consisted of a company of Buckinghamshire Militia, with their officers: Lord de Spencer at their head as lord lieutenant of the county, the officers in their regimentals, with crape round their left arm: seven vocal performers habited as a choir with surplices, attended with fifes, flutes, horns, and a drum covered with crape. A certain spot adjacent to the house was marked out for the persons engaged in the procession. Here they assembled. The procession began with the soldiers, &c., (as above mentioned) marching round this spot many times, the choir singing several pieces of music suitable to the occasion;—and accompanied with fifes, flutes, horns, and drums, conducted by Mr. Atterbury and Mr. Mulso. This being done, six grenadiers marched into the grand hall of his lordship's house, and brought out the very elegant urn in curious and variegated marble, which contained the heart. The epitaph upon the urn was as follows:—

Paul Whitehead, Esq.,  
of Twickenham.  
Obiit Dec. 30, 1774.

Unhallowed hands this urn forbear  
No gems, nor orient spoil  
Lies here concealed—but what's more rare,  
A heart that knew no guile.

On one side of the urn was a medallion of white marble of elegant workmanship, with the following curious devices. Three several figures highly finished appeared in the medallion. I could not learn the history of the first of them. The second was the figure of Esculapius, the god of Physic, attending the deceased in his last illness—but in vain. The third represented the deceased at his departure,—portrayed by the soul leaving the body and ascending in the air. This seems to allude to the Pythagorean notion of the soul ascending into the air, and hovering in it for some time round the body of the deceased.

The urn was carried on a bier supported by six grenadiers who were attended by six more, who walked as a corps de reserve, to relieve the others. The urn thus carried on the bier was preceded by a part of the soldiers,—by the vocal and instrumental performers, and by the Rev. Mr. Powell, curate of High Wycombe, and it was followed by De Spencer, walking alone, by the officers of the militia, two and two; and the procession closed by a number of privates of the militia. The line thus formed and conducted, passed in the most solemn manner from the house, through the gardens up to the hill, to the mausoleum; the music, vocal and instru-

mental, accompanying it almost all the way. I have read of Elysian Fields, but never had any tolerable idea of them before this day, when the solemnity of the procession through the groves, and the pleasing effect of the music upon this occasion gave a degree of the probability of the description I have read of them. Nearly two hours passed in marching from the house to the mausoleum. Having arrived here, a procession was made round the inside of the sepulchre three several times with the music accompanying it. At length arrived the time for depositing the urn in one of the niches. Immediately before this an incantation, set to music by Dr. Arnold, was sung as follows:—

From Earth to Heaven Whitehead's soul is fled,  
Immortal glories beam around his head;  
This muse concurring with the sounding strings,  
Give angels words to praise the King of Kings.

The urn was then placed on a very elegant pedestal of white marble. After this, the soldiers fired a salute (triple) with great exactness and precision. The whole procession was conducted with great propriety, and gave universal satisfaction. I had almost forgotten to add that minute guns were fired on this occasion. To make this celebrity as complete as possible, a new oratorio was performed yesterday in West Wycombe Church. The words were selected by Mr. Arnold, and the music composed by Mr. Atterbury. The name of the oratorio was Goliath. The choruses were grand, most of the airs very pleasing, and sweet, particularly the following:—"Help us now, O Lord, O Lord, send us new prosperity." All the music was very well chosen, and adapted to the words. The performers were too few to do justice to the music. A charming concerto was performed on the hautboy, between the first and second parts of the oratorio, by Mr. Forster. The performance began at half-past twelve, and continued until three o'clock. No tickets were required for admission, but every person genteelly dressed, was admitted into the church on giving something to the Poor's Box.

The ceremonial of the interment of the heart of Paul Whitehead, is alluded to in Grimshawe's *Edit. of Cowper*, (quoted in vol. xxv. of the *Mirror*, pp. 244-286) relating the current ghost story of Whitehead's spirit visiting the shades of W. W. house, and enjoying an unearthly communication with his old patron, the baron.

It may be, perhaps, worthy of remark that the monument and mausoleum are now fast going to decay; "unhallowed hands" have not forbore to facilitate in the spoliation which the "towering hand of time" invariably accomplishes—Alas! the "Heart that knew no guile" has shared the fate of many similar classic memorials;—that itching propensity of Englishmen, (we trust now fast giving way to better feelings,) destroying where they cannot moralize. The medallion

mentioned in the foregoing letter, is entirely destroyed, and the heart encased in lead is frequently exposed to the atmosphere in consequence of the lid of the urn being unsoldered and thrown down by those who have been curious enough to inspect the relic, and have too little veneration for the "manes of the dead" to replace the covering. There is a fine bust of Lord le de Spencer, in one of the niches of the Mausoleum, (much dilapidated,) and also one of his daughter, the Baroness de Spencer, who was the authoress of an *Essay on Government*, published in 4to. This lady, a short time before her death, had the mausoleum repaired at her own expense.

W. H.

### Anecdote Gallery.

#### TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

UNLESS a foreigner in Italy understands the language, and can converse in it with the lower classes, he must make up his mind to be hoaxed and cheated by them in sundry ways, for in such exercises of their ingenuity they take both pride and pleasure.

A gentleman, who travelled much through the Italian states, one day overheard a man who drove him, boasting to another how he had the honour to cheat "*Il signor Inglese*," in the article horses. "He thinks he travels with four horses by night," said the fellow, "as well as by day; but when it gets dark I only let him have two: and what does it matter? he pays for four, and, believing he has them, is happy." The traveller here stepped in, and to the utter confusion of the knaves, told them he was much obliged for the information, and would make good use of it in future.

A family travelling in Italy, put out their clothes, in one of the great towns, to be washed by a woman highly recommended for cheapness, and the excellent style in which she "got up" linen. It was returned, looking snow-white, and obliged to be immediately packed, the tourists only having waited its arrival to proceed. Subsequently, a gentleman of the party, discovered at another town several miles off, that the artful jade of a laundress had cut off the skirts of every one of his shirts, having fallen in love with the fine Irish of which they were made, leaving for his accommodation only the sleeves and upper half!

#### OUTWITTING AN ECONOMIST.

A LAWYER at Nottingham had a wealthy man for his client, who was well known for his practical economy, to say the least of his saving sins. The suit was long, and this gentleman, who had hitherto taken but little notice of his legal adviser, suddenly became profusely civil, for he invited him to

dinner, and one bottle of wine, every Sunday; then, in the course of the evening, the economist was sure to say—in that confidential, familiar tone, which expresses, I'm talking to you as a friend, remember there's nothing to pay—"And now, Mr. —, I've a little point for your consideration," whereupon, a regular discussion ensued.

The lawyer soon began to suspect his client's cunning manœuvre, and to say to himself "If the beggarly fellow thinks to kill two birds with one stone, and to take me in, he's mistaken;" but he quietly suffered the miser's civility to run on for twelve months: at the end of this period he sent his host in a monstrous bill, containing, amongst sundry week-day charges, the following items, nearly in the following words, for every Sunday in the year:—

	£.	s.	d.
To coming to you, when you sent for me,			
including expenses to and from your			
house, for horse, chaise, servant, tur-			
pikes, &c., Sunday, ye * * *	2	2	0
To counsel, given, as per request, when			
dining with you, Sunday, ye * * *		6	8

There was no disputing the matter, and the money was paid.

#### EXPERIMENTING.

A LADY, who could not have been very *blue*, because, as the sequel will prove, she was so little *read* (in science), took it into her head that if she were placed in a large linen-basket, with her dress fully spread out around her, and the basket a little elevated from the ground, she could fly in it, or from it, as well as in a balloon. So strongly did this whim possess her mind, that a gentleman of her family resolved to indulge it; so that by proving its fallacy it might trouble her no more. Accordingly, he suffered her to get into her novel car, place herself in the supposed available position, and taking this burden on his head, went out with it on a lawn before the house. The result of the lady's experiment will be surmised: a roll downwards, a few bruises, and no small terror; but it is not on record, that she ever again dreamed of the possibility of flying in a linen basket!

A Dr. Goodwin wishing to ascertain whether death by drowning caused much suffering, related to a friend an experiment made a few years since, by himself, on this point:—"Fearing that I should struggle," said the intrepid gentleman, "I had weights attached to my arms and legs, and so went down,—yet struggle I did, and for some time, too; at first, considering it all the while a very foolish trick (the experiment). I then went off, rather pleasantly than not, into a kind of swoon, and thought and felt no more: but my greatest pain was the inflating of my lungs, in order to recover me."

## RURAL SIMPLICITY.

A BACHELOR in India, who had a very nice garden attached to his house, and wished to display it to the greatest advantage, one day bethought himself of giving a *fête*, the grand characteristic of which was to be rural simplicity. Amongst other devices, he had a flock of sheep turned on to his lawn, whose "innocent play" was to amuse his guests: and amused, in truth, they were; for seeing through trees and shrubs, which cinctured the lawn, several natives in their white dresses, they inquired why those fellows were stationed there? and received for answer, "It was master's order that they should make the sheep skip;" and this they contrived to effect by worrying them with peas, or similar small pellets, blown through reeds!

## A NERVOUS MAN.

COL. H—N, a very nervous, and somewhat absent, gentleman, being once asked by a fair friend who was riding, and wanted to cut some part of her steed's leathers, whether he could lend her a knife;—"A knife? a knife?" said he; "why really, I've not a penknife in my pocket, but I've a pencil!"

## THE PRICE OF POSSESSIONS.

A FRIEND from childhood of Marshal Lefèvre, Duke of Dantzick, who had not run so brilliant a career as himself, came to see him at Paris: the marshal received him warmly, and lodged him in his hotel, when the friend could not cease his exclamations upon the richness of the furniture, the beauty of the apartments, and the goodness of the table, always adding, "Oh! how happy are you!"—"I see you are envious of what I have," said the marshal; "well, you shall have these things at a better bargain than I had: come into the court, I'll fire at you with a gun twenty times, at thirty paces, and, if I don't kill you, all shall be your own. . . . . What! you won't!—Very well; recollect, then, that I have been shot at more than a thousand times, and much nearer, before I arrived where you find me."—*From the French of Lamarque.* M. L. B.

## BUONAPARTIANA.

(Translated from various French Authorities.)

WHAT a period was that, in which the all-powerful will of the man, who now sleeps the sleep of death on the rock of St. Helena, assembled, as if by a stroke of the wand, emperors, kings, and most of the grandees of the earth! . . . Napoleon had called to Erfurth the principal actors of the French theatre: Talma, Mlle. Duchesnois, Mlle. Mars, the captivating Georges, the "*char-mante*" Bourgoïn, appeared several times in the course of a week to play their finest parts before the august assembly; and a little theatre

that had been found in the ancient college of the Jesuits had been fitted up with a promptitude and elegance really French.

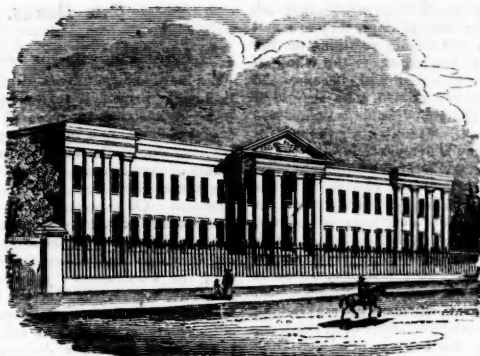
Immediately before the stage were placed two arm-chairs for the two emperors, and, on either side, common chairs for the kings and the reigning princes. The space behind these seats began to fill rapidly (says Mme. de Schopenhauer); we saw statesmen and generals from most of the powers of Europe enter, men whose names were then celebrated and have since become historical. There were Berthier, Soult, Caulaincourt, Savary, Lannes, Duroc, and many others equally renowned; it appeared as if the greatness of the master was reflected on the features of each: Goethe with his calm and dignified physiognomy, and the venerable Wieland,—the Grand Duke of Weimar had called them to Erfurth. The Duke of Gotha and several German princesses grouped round the two veterans of German literature.

A rolling of the drums was heard,—"*It is the Emperor!*" said every one. "*Fools, what are you about?*" cried the drum-major; "*don't you see it is but a king!*" And, effectively, it was a German sovereign who entered the saloon; and three other kings soon after made their appearance. It was without noise, without any show at all, that the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Wirtemberg, entered; the King of Westphalia, who came later, eclipsed them all by the splendour of his rich embroidery and jewels. The Emperors Alexander with his majestic figure came next. The grand box, in front of the stage, dazzled one's eyes with the glittering brilliancy it threw around. The queen of Westphalia, covered with diamonds, was seated in the centre; and, near her, the charming Stéphanie, grand duchess of Baden, attracted attention more by her captivating graces than by her dress. A few German princesses were seated near the reigning ones; the gentlemen and ladies of their court occupying the back part of the box.

Just at this moment, Talleyrand appeared in a sort of box, contrived for him on a level with the *parquet*, because the infirmity of his feet did not allow him to sit in the *parquet* itself. The emperor and the kings stood conversing with the minister who was comfortably seated. Everybody was at the *rendezvous*; he, alone, who had convoked all these grandees was missing—he made them wait some time.

At length another rolling of the drums was heard, but much louder than the first; all eyes were directed with an anxious curiosity towards the entrance-door. He appeared at last, this most extraordinary man of that inconceivable epoch. Dressed in the most simple manner, as usual, he slightly bowed to the sovereigns present, whom he had kept waiting so long, and filled the chair





(The Mariner's Almshouse, Hull.)

on the right of the Emperor Alexander. The four kings took their seats in the chairs without backs, and the spectacle began.

Immediately after the performance of the tragedy, which he had seen acted some hundreds of times, Napoleon, having made himself quite comfortable in his chair, fell asleep. Every one knows that it depended entirely on his will to sleep, and that he always awoke at the time he appointed. On that day he had fatigued himself exercising troops in the country for several hours together. It was a singular spectacle to see the man, on whose nod hung the fate of nations, thus given up to a peaceful slumber. M.

### Manners and Customs.

#### THE MARINERS' ALMSHOUSE, HULL.

HULL, or Kingston-upon-Hull, "a sea-port, borough, and county of itself," locally in the East Riding of the county of York, contains many "happy ports and havens" into which the decayed in fortune may put into to pass the winter of old age in comparative ease and comfort. Here especial reference is made to foundations for the benefit of seamen, such as are an honour to the philanthropy of the Corporation of this important harbour-town; so that its mariners cannot ride upon the wave-top, and reproachfully sing:

Ye gentlemen of England,  
Who live at home at ease,  
Ah! little do ye think upon  
The dangers of the seas.

The Cut shows one of these benevolent establishments, lately completed from the designs of Mr. Mountain, creditable to the skill of the architect, and to the munificence of the Corporation by whom it was built. It is situate at the eastern extremity of Ocean-place, on the Aulaby Road; and contains

apartments for thirty-six pensioners, to be decayed master mariners, their wives, and widows.

The original of the Cut is a neat engraving in Greenwood's *Picture of Hull*, lately published; a very interesting little work, and apparently a complete guide to the curiosities of the town and its environs.

When we reflect how many fellow-creatures are annually lost off the perilous coasts of our sea-girt isle, it is but meet that such as can enjoy the luxury of doing good should lend their aid in rearing asylums in our ports, for the relicts of those who fall victims to the casualties of the maritime service. That our countrymen entertain this sympathy to a liberal extent is best attested by the many charitable establishments in such towns; we believe, no where more numerous than in Kingston-upon-Hull.

#### A FISHING VILLAGE.

THE Claddagh is a village in the western suburb of Galway, inhabited by about 3,000 individuals, who support themselves solely by fishing; they have no land attached to their cottages; a milch cow and a potato garden are equally rare among them. The colony, from time immemorial, has been governed by one of its own body, periodically elected, who is called the mayor, and regulates the community according to laws understood among themselves: his decisions are always final. When on shore, the villagers are occupied in fitting up their boats and tackle for the next expedition; and spend their leisure in regaling themselves with their favourite beverage, whiskey, or assembling in groups to consult about their maritime affairs. When preparing for sea, they take out potatoes, oaten bread, fire, and water, but no spirituous liquor. On

returning from the fishing, where they are often absent for several days, they are met by their wives and female relations on the shore, to whom they hand over the whole of their capture, which forthwith becomes the sole property of the women, who dispose of it at pleasure, the men troubling themselves no farther about it, and contenting themselves with what money is necessary for the repair of their boats, and whatever whiskey, brandy, and tobacco, their wives choose to allow them. They are ignorant; they speak no language but Irish; they have no schools, contenting themselves and their families with the religious instruction they receive from the convent church of the village, which is most liberally supported by them. So secluded and orderly are their general habits, that they are scarcely thought of in the town of Galway, on the borders of which they reside, except indeed on the festival of St. John, one of their great gala days, when the whole male community parade the streets, dressed in their holiday clothes, with banners flying, and other rural antic devices to attract the attention, and excite the merriment of the spectators.

#### ITALIAN GESTICULATION.

WHEN Italians converse, it is not the tongue alone that has full occupation; their words are sure to have an instrumental accompaniment, in the gestures of their bodies. You never see, among them, two gentlemen standing bolt upright, one with his hands behind his back, and the other leaning on his umbrella, while they resolve to oppose a bill in Parliament, or to file one in Chancery, or determine to protest one in the city. You never see an orator, sacred or profane, screwed down in the middle of his pulpit, or wedged between the benches of his court, or holding hard on the front of his hustings, as though afraid of being run away with by honourable pillory, and pouring forth impassioned eloquence, with a statue-like stillness of limbs, unless the right arm escape, to move up and down with the regularity of a pump-handle, or inflict, from time to time, a clenching blow upon the subjacent boards. No, it is not so in Italy. Let two friends sit down to solace themselves at the door of a *café*, in the cool of a summer's evening, or let them walk together along the noisy street of Toledo, at Naples; let their conversation be upon the merest trifle, the present opera, the last festival, or the next marriage, and each speaker, as he utters his opinion in flowing, musical sounds, will be seen to move his fingers, his hands, and his entire body, with a variety of gestures, attuned in perfect cadence to the emphasis of his words.—*Dublin Review*.

#### New Books.

##### THE CHURCHES OF LONDON.

[We are much gratified with the progress of this work, inasmuch as it bespeaks success in what has always appeared to ourselves, (and we know, to a very large portion of our readers,) one of the most interesting departments of the literature of our country, namely, the history of its rise from barbarism to refinement. Of this march of improvement, the churches of our land are her dearest monuments; for, in far better spirit than the cry was raised in heathen times, do we now raise the watchwords "*pro aris et focis*." Reflective reader, consider but for a moment how many glorious associations these holy edifices are calculated to call up in your mind, apart from the divinity which fills every corner of their interior, and hedges them round about with an unearthly interest. See how these varied piles attest the gratitude of man to God in the noblest works of his ingenuity! View their massive towers or tapering spires—the simple grandeur of their circular arches and shafts—their clustering columns and lofty pointed arches—and say whether there be any work of men's hands half so acceptable in the sight of his Maker as these holy temples of his worship. At all seasons, such must be the reflection of a well-regulated mind—whether in the brightness of morning, as you enter the house of prayer, or in the "dim, religious light," as you linger round its hoar walls and towers, until their beautiful forms and embellishments are lost in the falling gloom of night. Thus far the sanctity of our ecclesiastical edifices, to which only is second the secular interest of these establishments. How many great names are to be met with amongst their founders and benefactors, and how many illustrious memories are chronicled upon their walls. Though time may, in some instances, have effaced these records, or hidden their import from the many;—still, there are thousands of them left to tell us how good men have been honoured in life as in death; how the rich have been "ready to distribute," and the poor have been nurtured by such bounty; how charity hath been cherished in our isle in all ages; and, consolation inestimable! how all around sleep in the same blessed hope of immortality.

These welcome influences may be wooed in scores of our metropolitan churches, pent up as are many of them with monopolizing bricks and mortar; and, one of the effects of the work named at the head of this column, will be to cherish such feelings of veneration for these edifices as we have referred to.

Besides perspicuously narrating the history of the churches of London, their architectural characters are described in popular lan-

gauges, so as to make many a reader acquainted with beautiful points of the structures of which he was hitherto uninformed; whilst the accompanying engravings, of first-rate design and execution, complete the descriptive portion of the work.

Taking up the publication from our former notice, No. 5 contains the church of St. Peter ad Vincula, in the Tower of London, with an exterior and interior view, and a vignette tomb. It being, so to speak, the church of the Tower, the description is preceded by a brief sketch of that fortress. The church has no striking architectural features, but its chief points of interest are as follow:

*Eminent Persons buried in the Tower.*

Unimportant as this small building may of itself appear, a great degree of interest necessarily attaches to it, when we remember that it contains the bodies of the greater number of those individuals, famous and infamous, who yielded up their lives in the neighbourhood of the Tower, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, either at the altar of offended justice, or to gratify the malignity of the reigning powers.\* The list is a long and sad one—and we may thank the Almighty, sincerely and heartily, that we live not in such fearful times.

In one place rest the remains of General Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, and Lord Deputy of Ireland, who, being committed to the Tower on suspicion of treasonable practices, died there of a broken heart in 1534. In another were placed the worthy, the witty, but bigotted Sir Thomas More, and his friend, Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who were beheaded in 1535. The body of the former, it is said by some, was afterwards obtained by his excellent daughter, Margaret Roper, and was re-interred in old Chelsea Church, in the chancel of which he had caused a vault to be made some years previous to his death. Faulkner, in his "History of Chelsea," however, supposes that this could not have been the case, from the circumstance that Bishop Fisher's body, which was originally placed in the church of All-Hallows Barking, was removed to the Tower by Margaret, in order that it might be interred, according to his request, near her father.

In front of the altar lies the ill-fated Anna Boleyn, the second wife of the abandoned Henry VIII.; and immediately adjoining is the resting-place of her unworthy successor, Catherine Howard; the brother of the former, George, Lord Rochfort; and the venerable Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, who was the last descendant of the Plantagenet family.

Near this group was placed the body of

Thomas Seymour, Lord High Admiral of England, who was beheaded in 1549, under a warrant from his own brother, the Protector Somerset; and between the two queens lies the protector himself, brought from the scaffold a few months afterwards. John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, the rival of the latter, also decapitated, rests here, as do the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, an unwilling usurper of a throne, and her husband, Lord Dudley.

Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, his son Philip, Earl of Arundel, and the impetuous Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, were buried here during her reign. In 1685, the body of James, Duke of Monmouth, the profligate son of the "merry monarch," who was beheaded for high treason, was placed beneath the communion table; and at the west end of the church, beneath the gallery, are those of the Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat, leaders in the rebellion of 1745. Nor should we omit, in this mournful catalogue, the name of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, who was originally a blacksmith's son, but raised himself by his talents to be the first minister of King Henry VIII., and was his chief agent in the overthrow of the papal supremacy. Having offended the King, he was committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason, and notwithstanding the most humble supplication for mercy, was beheaded in 1540. A letter which he addressed to Henry, and which is said to have drawn tears from the King's eyes, concluded thus, "I, a most woeful prisoner, am ready to submit to death, when it shall please God and your majesty; and yet the frail flesh incites me to call to your grace for mercy and pardon of mine offences. Written at the Tower, with the heavy heart and trembling hand of your highness's most miserable prisoner and poor slave, Thomas Cromwell." And a little below, "Most gracious Prince, I cry for mercy! mercy! mercy!"†

It need scarcely be said, that

"No storied urn nor animated bust"

commemorates the unfortunate or the guilty individuals whose names and memories we have thus briefly mentioned.

On the floor, in the nave, is a small and unassuming slab, inscribed *Talbot Edwards, gent.*, who died September 30, 1674, aged 80 years and 9 months. When Captain Blood made his daring attempt to steal the jewels from the Tower, in 1673, Edwards was keeper of the regalia, and but for his intrepidity and presence of mind the ruffian would have succeeded. The faithful conduct of Edwards was not rewarded in the way that it deserved; he was promised two hundred pounds, but it was so long before this promise was performed, that the poor old man was obliged to sell his order for one hundred

† Lyttleton's "History of England." Vol. ii. p. 210.

\* The open ground adjoining the Tower, known as Tower Hill, was first used as a place of execution in the reign of Richard II.

pounds in ready money,\* while the bold villain, who had perpetrated the outrage, was basking in the favour of the court.

[Nos. 5 and 6 are devoted to the Temple Church, with views of the exterior and interior of the circular part, and two other interiors; and three vignettes on wood. The editor has judiciously avoided controversy, in the following passage, detailing the

*Origin of the Temple Church.]*

Round and polygonic buildings, respecting the origin of which there has been much disquisition, were erected in the earliest periods of civilization, when probably the form, a pleasing one, alone had influence. Pausanias writes, that the Thracians builded their temples round, and open at the top.† At Athens we have one of this form remaining, known as the choragic monument of Lysicrates;‡ and at Rome many, namely, all the temples dedicated to Vesta; the Pantheon; the Mausoleum of Cecilia Metella; the temple of Minerva Medica; the temple of Hope; that of Remus and Romulus; the church of St. Agnes, and others. After the introduction of Christianity, and the institution of baptism—which was at first by immersion—a building for this purpose, near, or attached to the church, became necessary, and these we find were constructed either circular or polygonal, ‘in order that the assistants might from all sides more easily view the cistern that served as a font; § and Helena, in whose reign many of these baptisteries were erected, when she built the church over the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, gave to it the circular form, perhaps either from the remembrance of these, or on the like principle, namely, that—the tomb (for possession of which so much blood, and so much money were afterwards expended) being placed in the centre—it was the form best adapted to enable a number of persons distinctly to view at the same time the object of their pilgrimage.

That the Templars then, when they had occasion in their own country to erect churches for the purposes of their order, should adopt the form of this building, the protection of which from insult was one of their chief duties, appears quite natural; and accordingly we find that in all their edifices the circular form prevailed. In England we have four round Churches remaining, viz. those of St. Sepulchre, at Cambridge, and at Northampton, the Temple Church, London, and that at

\* Pennant's "London," *ut supra*, &c.

† Britton's "Architectural Antiquities," Vol. I. p. 17, which see, for much interesting information on this subject.

‡ Supposed date about 330 years B.C., in the time of Demosthenes, Apelles, and Alexander the Great. The Treasury at Mycenæ and the octagon tower, known as the Temple of the Winds, may also be noticed.

§ Hope's "History of Architecture," p. 115.

Little Maplestead, Essex, all of which have been ascribed by some authors, Dallaway amongst the number, to the Knights Templars.‖ There is every reason, however, to believe that this is not the fact; but without going into a question, which would lead us somewhat astray, suffice it to state, that the church of St. Mary, London, the subject of our notice, was completed about the year 1185, when it was dedicated to the service of the Virgin by Heraclitus, the patriarch of Jerusalem.

DR. GRANVILLE'S SPAS OF GERMANY.

(Concluded from page 190.)

WITH a few entertaining extracts of miscellaneous interest, we close our notice of this excellent work.

*Hotel Expenses.*

It was now high time to come to a reckoning with mine host at Baden, and leave that "Queen of the Spas." The former operation was sooner settled than the latter. A few florins (at the rate of one shilling and eightpence for each dinner,—a shilling for each breakfast, consisting of coffee, butter, eggs, and ham, and twenty pence a day for a bed-room)—got us clear of mine Herr Stambach, of the Golden Sun, a good-natured civil man, doubly lucky in having all his customers pleased with him, and a most active *factotum* into the bargain, who does every thing to please his master's customers.

My readers will be able to form an idea of the very reasonable terms on which a gay life may be led at Baden, from the few particulars I have just given, and which may prove useful. But in order that my information on this head may be more complete, I will detail the several prices at which necessaries and comforts are to be had during and after the season at Baden. I preface my statement by reminding my readers that three kreutzers are equal to an English penny, and that sixty kreutzers make a florin. A bachelor, then, may procure an excellent bed-room in one of the principal hotels, for a florin-and-a-half, or two at most. With a sitting-room the charge is from three to four florins; but there are inferior apartments which may be had for forty-eight kreutzers, or sixteen pence a day. A *déjeuner Anglais* is thirteen pence; a *déjeuner simple*, with coffee and bread and butter only, twenty-four kreutzers, or eight pence. The early dinner at the table-d'hôte is one florin, and four pence more for half a bottle of Turbachen, *vin du pays*. At four o'clock the table-d'hôte dinner is three francs, (2s. 6d.) with wine, and without it one florin and twelve kreutzers, or two shillings. Tea or coffee in the evening with *brioche*s, half-a-florin, or ten-pence. At the Great Chabert Rooms, every thing is one-fourth dearer.

‖ "Discourses upon Architecture in England," p. 47.

A single night's lodgings may always be had for forty-eight kreutzers, or sixteen-pence, during the season, at an inn, and for one shilling and eight-pence in a private lodging-house.

Many families sojourn here through the winter. The expenses of apartments and living at that time, are one half less than during the season. A family, consisting of six individuals, may get themselves superbly lodged for four months at the best hotel, the Golden Ritter, for instance, at the rate of 300 florins, with six beds, (20*l.*); and they may have a dinner regularly served up, consisting of several dishes, for the sum of from four to five florins a-day (7*s.* 6*d.*). Or a family may procure apartments in a private house for 250 florins during the four winter months, and be supplied with a dinner of six *couvets* from an hotel, for a daily sum of three florins (5*s.* 4*d.*). The only other expense to be added of any importance, therefore, is fuel, which must be provided extra, whether at a hotel or in private lodgings. Hard wood, which is principally used, sells from twelve to thirteen florins (1*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.*) the pile, measuring six feet by three-and-a-half. The soft wood is much cheaper. The price for washing is regulated by a tariff. The most important article of the body linen is washed for four kreutzers, or a penny farthing, and the other articles in proportion.

#### Dinner at Cabw.

The price of this repast was sixteen-pence. It consisted of several made dishes, among which I noticed, and fastened upon, an *insingolo* with a spring chicken cut up in it, accompanied by a ball of green vegetable pudding mixed with crumbs of bread, and served hot on a separate dish and quite excellent. A small white decanter of *Neck-urthal* (not *Nectarall*) of the year 1834, was placed before each guest, at the moderate charge of four-pence more. It is a red wine of the country, of a very light colour, perfectly transparent, and looking very much like white wine, into which a little port had been dropt. After dinner the host, of whom we had ordered a glass of the *Kirschwasser* made in the Black Forest, insisted on treating me with the taste of another liqueur, peculiar to this mountain region, distilled from the black berry of a small shrub resembling boxwood, identical, I believe, with the whortleberry variety called *Vaccinium Myrtillus*. This shrub abounds in the Black Forest, where it is known under the name of *Heidelbeere*.

#### Bath at Wildbad.

This luxury I was not long without enjoying after my arrival at Wildbad. I entered the Fürsten, or Prince's bath, after having undressed in an adjoining room, where I found a sofa, chairs, a table with a mirror,

a carpet, and warm linen. I selected an hour, when no other person was present. When bathers, of either sex, choose to bathe in common, in their respective baths, it is an indispensable rule of the place, that they should wear a roquelaure.

After descending a few steps from the dressing-room into the bath room, I walked over the warm, soft sand to the farthest end of the bath, and I laid myself down upon it, near the principal spring, resting my head on a clean, wooden pillow. The soothing effect of the water, as it came over me, up to the throat, transparent like the brightest gem or aquamarine, soft, genially warm, and gently murmuring, I shall never forget. Millions of bubbles of gas rose from the sand and played around me, quivering through the lucid water as they ascended, and bursting at the surface, to be succeeded by others. The sensation produced by these, as many of them, with their tremulous motion, just *effleuraient* the surface of the body, like the much vaunted effect of titillation in animal magnetism, is not to be described. It partakes of tranquillity and exhilaration; of the ecstatic state of a devotee, blended with the repose of an opium eater. The head is calm, the heart is calm, every sense is calm; yet there is neither drowsiness, stupefaction, nor numbness; for every feeling is fresher, and the memory of worldly pleasures keen and sharp. But the operations of the moral as well as physical man are under the spell of some powerful tranquillizing agent. It is the human tempest lulled into all the delicious playings of the ocean's after-waves. From such a position I willingly would never have stirred. To prolong its delicious effects what would I not have given? but the Badmeister appeared at the top of the steps of the farther door, and warned me to eschew the danger of my situation; for there is danger even in such pleasures as these, if greatly prolonged.

I looked at the watch and the thermometer before I quitted my station. The one told me I had passed a whole hour, in the few minutes I had spent according to my imagination; and the other marked 29½° of Reaumur, or 98½° of Fahrenheit. But I found the temperature warmer than that, whenever, with my hand, I dug into the bed of sand, as far down as the rock, and disengaged myriads of bubbles of heated air, which imparted to the skin a satiny softness not to be observed in the effects of ordinary warm baths.

These baths are principally used from five o'clock in the morning until seven, and even much later; and again by some people in the evening. The time allowed for remaining in the water is from half an hour to an hour; but it is held to be imprudent to continue the bath to the latter period, as experience has shown that such sensations as I felt, and have endeavoured to describe, prove ulti-



mately too overpowering to the constitution, if prolonged to excess.

### Spirit of Discovery.

CAPTAIN BACK'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS RECENT EXPEDITION.

(In a Letter to the Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society.)

September 11, 1837.

Sir,—As the expedition, from which I have just returned, originated with the Geographical Society, and at its recommendation, was most liberally carried into effect by His Majesty's government, I feel it incumbent on me to offer to the Society an outline of the principal events which occurred, from the time of my quitting England, in June, 1836, till my return to Lough Swilly, on the night of Sunday, the 2nd instant.

In a statement of this description, it would be impossible to enter into the detail of all the extraordinary, and I may say unparalleled, circumstances which have marked the course of the whole of our proceedings; such details I trust I may shortly be enabled to afford to the Society and to the public in a more complete form, but, in the mean time, it is due to those who took so warm an interest in the expedition, to furnish them with an authentic narrative of the voyage, which must, however, necessarily be very brief, and will consist of extracts selected from my daily journal, as better calculated to convey a correct impression of the singular occurrences to which we were witnesses.

June 23. We took our departure from Papa Westra, and steered across the Atlantic: the weather stormy.—July 20. We fell in with the ice, and on the following day, we first saw the coast of Labrador, near Cape Chudleigh.—Aug. 1. Passed through Hudson's Straits; and, on the 5th, saw some of the company's ships, apparently beset with ice, off the North Bluff. By keeping close in with the land, we got a-head, and lost sight of them; and, on the following day, we were ourselves hampered.

The ice was compact, and covered the horizon towards Hudson's Bay, as far as could be seen from the mast-head, while to the north-west it presented a contrary appearance. I had, therefore, no hesitation in proceeding in that direction.—Aug. 16. We got a run of forty miles from Trinity Isles; yet did not get sight of Baffin Island till the 23rd, when we also saw Southampton Island to the S. W. Two days of westerly wind at this crisis would have enabled us to reach Repulse Bay; but easterly winds prevailed, and packed the whole body of ice in such a manner, that all hope of retracing our steps to pass to the southward of Southampton Island, and up Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome, was out of the question. On the 29th we were drifted by the ice to lat.

65° 50' N., long. 82° 7' W.: this was our extreme north point, and here we were within about forty miles of Winter Island, where the Hecla and Fury passed the winter of 1831. By dint of wearing, the ship was worked to the southward towards Southampton Island, whither we were attracted by the flattering appearance of lanes of open water.—Sept. 4. We were only 136 miles from Repulse Bay, and two days of strong breeze would have led us through Frozen Strait to our destination. During the next fortnight we continued drifting slowly to the westward, passing within three miles of Cape Comfort, a bluff headland, rising about 1,000 feet above the sea.—Sept. 20th. We were seriously nipped by the ice; so much so as to start some of the ship's fastenings. On the 22nd, being within twenty-five miles of the Duke of York's Bay, we tried to cut through the ice, but found it impracticable, as it closed immediately. From this date the ship was no longer under our own guidance; but, being closely beset, was carried to and fro, according to the wind and tide.—Sept. 26th. We were drifted into lat. 65° 48', long. 83° 40', our extreme western point, and ninety miles from Repulse Bay.—Sept. 27th. A rush of ice from the eastward lifted the ship's stern, seven-and-a-half feet out of the water. Constant easterly winds.—Oct. 9th. A clear channel in shore as far as Cape Bylot, for the space of twelve hours, and again on the 27th; but we were so completely frozen up, we could not take advantage of it; although to effect so important an object, the ice-saws, axes, and every other implement, so liberally supplied by government, were put in requisition, and all the energy of both officers and crew was strained to the utmost.—Oct. 17th. The thermometer fell to 9° below zero of Fahrenheit. In the beginning of November, the ship was housed in, and every arrangement made for meeting the rigour of winter. Snow walls were raised round the ship; and in this manner we drifted to and fro off the high land of Cape Comfort, at times carried so close to the rocks as to excite alarm for the safety of the ship.—Dec. 21st. A furious gale from the westward drove us off shore, fourteen miles to the eastward of Cape Comfort, from which point the coast, not before laid down on our chart, was surveyed as we drifted to the south-eastward, for the distance of about 120 miles, as far as Sea-horse Point, the eastern extreme of Southampton Island. The general character of the coast, barren hills and cliffs, varying from 750 to 1,000 feet above the sea. On Christmas-day, the first symptoms of scurvy showed themselves, which gradually extended itself to all hands. At one time twenty-five men were suffering severely from it; but, eventually, only three persons fell victims to this dreadful disease; viz. the gunner and two seamen. In the beginning of January, during a calm, our floe of ice split

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with a fearful crash; and this was the commencement of a series of shocks, that nothing but the great strength of the mass of timber and iron employed in fortifying the ship could have withstood: as it was, the vessel strained in every direction.—Feb. 18th. Early in the morning, thermometer at 33° below zero, a disruption of the ice took place; and waves of ice thirty feet high were rolled towards the ship, which complained much. The decks were separated, the beams raised off the shelf-pieces. Lashings and shores, used for supporters, gave way; iron bolts partially drawn; and the whole frame of the ship trembled so violently, as to throw some of the men down.

Yet this was not our worst disaster. On the 15th of March, while drifting to the south-eastward, off a low point, since appropriately named "Terror Point," a tremendous rush of ice from the north-west took the ship astern: and although buried to the flukes of the anchor in a dock of ice, such was the pressure, that she was forced upon it, and at the same time thrown over to starboard. The stern-post was carried away, and the stern lifted seven feet out of the water. The same night a second rush of ice tore up the remnants of our floe, forced the ship on the ice, so that her forefoot was quite out of the water. Her sunken stern was threatened by an overhanging wave of ice full thirty feet high; but which providentially stopped as it touched the quarter of the ship. The water poured in through the stern frame, and the ship creaked and strained in every direction. Provisions were got on deck, the boats lowered, and every preparation made for the worst extremity; and in the darkness and silence of night, we calmly awaited the anticipated coming of another shock, which, to all human appearances, must have been the last. Heaven ordained it otherwise; and in this novel cradle of ice, we were drifted without further injury to Sea-horse Point. The ice that bore us was ascertained to be seventy feet thick; and it was not until we had sawed through long lines of twenty-five feet thick, at a future day, that the ship was freed from this situation. The position of Sea-horse Point was determined to be 63° 43', long. 80° 10' W.; variation 49° westerly. The lowest temperature was 53° below zero, when both mercury and brandy were frozen.

On the first of May the ship, still on the ice, was drifted near Mill Island; thence to the southward of Nottingham Island, between it and Cape Wolstenholme, a perpendicular cliff of 1,000 feet high; thence to the northward of Charles' Island, which we reached on the 21st of June. The ice now showed symptoms of disruption, and we set all hands to work, with a thirty-five-foot ice-saw, worked by shears; and on the 11th of July, having sawed to within three feet, the ice split in a fore and aft direction, and liberated the lar-

board side. We immediately made sail on the ship, but found we could not extricate her from an iceberg between the fore and main chains. We again had recourse to saws and purchases, when the lump of ice, still fast to the ship, rose to the surface of the water, and threw the vessel on her beam-ends, the water rushing in with frightful rapidity. All hands were instantly set to work again, and laboured day and night, unremittingly, at the fatiguing but indispensable operation of sawing; till, exhausted by their exertions, I was obliged to call them in from the ice for rest and refreshment. Not a quarter of an hour had elapsed from quitting the work, when a sudden disruption of the ice took place, and the mass crashed with terrific violence against the ship's side, snapping, apparently without effort the lashings and spars that had been placed fearing this occurrence; and, but for the merciful interposition of Providence, all would inevitably have been crushed by the mass of ice on which they had just been labouring. As the ice separated the ship righted, and drifted along. Finding it impossible to hang the old rudder, a spare one was fitted, and sail made on the ship. It was an anxious moment, as we waited to see if she would answer her helm; and as she bore up before the wind, with her head towards England, a cheer of gratitude burst from all on board.

I had cherished, to the last moment, the hope that the damages sustained might not be so great as to prevent my pushing for Wager Inlet, by Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome, and there to beach the ship and repair damages, while some in boats carried into effect the object of our expedition; but when I found that she required two pumps constantly going to keep her free, that both outer and inner sternposts were gone, the keel seriously damaged, besides various other casualties, I felt it became my duty, however reluctantly, to make the best of our way homewards. Fortunately, the early part of our passage across the Atlantic was favourable; but, subsequently, the weather became boisterous, and the leaks increased very much, so that we could barely keep her free with incessant pumping; to secure the ship, also, we were obliged to frap her together with the stream chain-cable.

On the 6th of August, we again passed through Hudson's Straits; and on the 3rd of September, arrived in Lough Swilly, not having let go our anchor since June, 1836. The north-eastern stem of Southampton Island has been now surveyed, for the first time, by Lieut. Owen Stanley, who has also made various views of the coast, and a chart showing the track of the ship. The remarkable positions in which the ship was placed among the ice, are admirably illustrated by Lieut. Smyth in a series of spirited and characteristic drawings. I cannot conclude this brief account

without bearing testimony to the great assistance I have invariably received from Lieut. Smyth, and all the officers and crew employed under my command, in this expedition: to the cheerful obedience with which all orders were obeyed; and to the steadiness of behaviour evinced in circumstances of no common trial. To speculate on what might have been the result of this expedition, had ever I reached either Repulse Bay or Wager River, would now be idle; but I cannot resist the opportunity of recording my unaltered opinion as to the practicability of the service when once a party should have reached either of the before-mentioned starting places.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

GEORGE BACK.

To CAPTAIN WASHINGTON, R.N.  
Secretary R.G.S.

### The Gatherer.

*Argumentative.*—The *Vermont Mercury* has the following excellent defence lately made to an action by a down-east lawyer:—"There are three points in the cause, may it please your honour," said the defendant's counsel. "In the first place, we contend that the kettle was cracked when we borrowed it; secondly, that it was whole when we returned it; and thirdly, that we never had it."—*New York Mirror.*

*A Comparison.*—"Jack," said a gay young fellow to his companion, "what possibly can induce those two old snuff-taking dowagers to be here to-night at the ball? I am sure they will not add in the least to the brilliancy of the scene."—"Pardon me," replied the other gravely, "for not agreeing with you, but for my part I really think that where there are so many lights of beauty, there may be some occasion for a pair of snuffers."—*Ibid.*

*Repartee.*—Green, the aeronaut, some time since, took up his whole family in his balloon. One of our wits remarked, that "though the season was said to be backward, he had never seen Greens shoot up to such a height before."—"True," said another, "but, after all, they cannot get higher than the currents."—*Ibid.*

*Banks.*—The *Paterson Guardian* is of opinion that the best bank in that village at present, "is the sand bank at the head of Main-street; blow high, blow low, it does not stop its issues. The best shares we have in our country are the plough shares."—*Ibid.*

*Cure for Consumption.*—A surgeon, in a letter to the *New York Express*, proposes to cure the consumption (in any case where one of the lungs is affected) in the following manner:—"An incision is made between the ribs, and an orifice opened to admit the air into the chest outside of the deceased lung, so that no air will be drawn into that lung

through the wind-pipe at all. The lung will collapse and remain perfectly quiescent, and in that state can be cured by the efforts of nature alone, or removed altogether. As there is a partition between the sides of the lungs, while one of them ceases its action, the other goes on with its ordinary functions. The operation is neither difficult nor painful, and may be performed upon a person in the last stage of consumption without danger, as a person in that state would bear the operation better than one in robust health. The plan appears to be feasible from the very fact that nature does sometimes effect a cure by the very same process (drying up one lung,) and is the only method by which the cure is ever effected. If this plan succeeds, it will be the greatest discovery in the art of healing in modern times.

*Royal Amateurs.*—Her Majesty, besides being a good performer on the piano-forte, sings remarkably well; her voice is a mezzo soprano of very sweet quality. The Duchess of Kent is a good musician, and plays the piano-forte scientifically. Most of the sons and daughters of George III. were accomplished musicians. His late Majesty King George IV. was an excellent performer on the violoncello, and he possessed a very fine bass voice. The Duke of Cambridge plays the violin in a very superior manner, and the Princess Augusta has composed many pretty vocal pieces. Queen Adelaide is an excellent judge of music, and is remarkably fond of sacred compositions, particularly full choruses. During the festival in Westminster Abbey she was frequently moved "even to tears" when the sublime choruses of Handel were performed.—*Musical World.*

*A Mistake.*—The following amusing mistake is privately reported as having actually occurred:—Lady Blessington and Sergeant Talfourd were walking arm and arm together in the garden, when they were joined by Mr. —, who had just arrived. Mr. — was immediately introduced to "Mr. Talfourd the author of *Ion*." Mr. — bowed very stiffly, and after eyeing the Sergeant from top to toe, drew Lady B. aside, and with a very serious countenance, told her that he felt shocked to see her ladyship condescending to take the arm of Talfourd the Ironmonger.—J. H. F.

*Haydn's Opinion of British Music.*—Haydn was so extravagantly fond of the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh Melodies, that he harmonized many of them, and had them hung up in frames in his room.—*Musical World.*

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LINBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and News-men.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.